Sylvias Complaint

OF

Her Sexes Unhappineſs.

A

POEM.

Being the Second Part of

Sylvia's Revenge,

OR, A

Satyr againſt Man,

To which is Added,

The Emulation, a Pindarique ODE.

The Second Edition. Poems.

London, Printed for *Robert Battersby* at *Staple-Inn Gate*, near the *Barrs* in *Holbourn*, 1697.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

SAMSON, *Or the Unhappy Lover. A Poem.* By Gerard De Gols, T. C. C. S.

Printed for *Robert Battersby* at *Staple-Inn Gate*, near the *Barrs* in *Holbourn*.

THE PREFACE.

THE *General acceptance which* Sylvia's Revenge *found amongst all sorts of Readers, encouraged the* Author *to think of a Second Part, which tho' wrote after another manner, has equally as much of* Satyr *in it as the first.*

Sylvia *is for continuing the Old Quarrel between the Houses of* York *and* Lancaster; *the* Cannons *are mounted, and the* Portcullis's *drawn down, and she seems to be Deaf to any terms of Capitulation; but tis hoped Matters may come to some Accommodations in time, and the* White Flagg *be hung out, and such Articles agreed upon as it shall be hard to determine which Party is the Victorious.*

If there be any soft and tender Lines in the following Essay, they must be ascrib'd to the warmth of Sylvia's *Passion; but if there are others which carry Thunder and Lightning along with them, they must be own'd to proceed from that Concern, the* poor Creature *has for her Injur'd Sex; for we all know that in the matter of Love and Revenge, Women are Inimitable.*

But

But why Sylvias Complaint? *and why not* Sylvia's Complaint? *Is the Feminine Goverment ſo fixed that it fears neither open Aſſaults nor ſecret Underminings? Are there no grievances to be redreſt, no incroachments upon their Liberties? no Violation of their Priviledges? If ſuch things are, who more fit to repreſent 'em than a* Woman? *eſpecially one who can ſpeak* feelingly *of 'em; for when a Woman finds the glittering Title of a* Miſtreſs *is only made uſe of to Decoy her to anothers Will, her Blood muſt creep very ſlowly in her Veins, who has not ſome reſentments of the Matter; and it has ever been the Civility of all Nations to give Lovers leave to ſpeak.*

If Sylvia *has the Approbation of the* Ladies, *ſhe Values not the Cenſures of the* Men, *ſhe being her Sexes Champion, and will Defend their Cauſe againſt the Pen of any* Daring He *whatſoever.*

It is reſolv'd, ſhe will write on and try,
The Wit and Courage of the Enemy;
Her Sexes Cauſe ſhe'll Nobly carry on,
'Gainſt the bold *Satyr*, and the ſly Lampoon,
Until there ſhall not be a *Scribling Fop*,
That Dares pretend to take the Cudgells up.

Silvia's Complaint

OF HER

Sexes Unhappineſs.

A

POEM.

Being the Second Part of *Silvia's Revenge*, or a Satyr againſt Man.

'TWas in *JULY*, one glorious Afternoon,
When to avoid the *ſcorching Heat* o'th' *Sun*,
To a thick *Grove*, compos'd of *Beech* and *Oak*,
(A place where *Poets* oft their *Muſe* invoke.)
I went alone, but fearing leſt I ſhou'd
Be thoughtful in ſo dark a *Solitude*,

To Charm the ſeeming horrour of the place,
I brought with me the Works of *Hudibraſs*,
-----(Diverting *Author*, in whoſe ev'ry line
Exalted Wit, and weighty Judgment ſhine.)
Each Page with mighty pleaſure I perus'd,
But as I o're his Charming Numbers mus'd,
Methought I heard a ſtrange Confuſed Noiſe,
Of Sighs and Groans, which ſeem'd of *Female* Voice;
Amaz'd I liſtned, and without a pauſe
Reſolv'd by curious ſearch to find the Cauſe;
The Eccho was my Guide, which quickly brought
Me to the place to find out what I ſought;
In the moſt private part of all the *Grove*,
By Nature fram'd for *Solitude* and *Love*;
To my Amazement and Surprize I found,
In Melancholly poſture on the Ground,
A *Fair* and *Young*, but penſive *Virgin* laid,
She was (or at the leaſt ſhe ſeem'd) a *Maid*:
Her Habit *Rich*, but Careleſs in her Dreſs,
Which beſt the Sorrow of the Thoughts expreſs;
Tears from her Eyes like *liquid Pearls* diſtill,
A ſight would Savages with pity fill;
Thrice gently on her *Breſt*, her hand ſhe ſtruck,
And mixt with Sighs, theſe following words ſhe ſpoke:

Ah me! to what Misfortunes am I born?
With *Greif* oppreſt, *diſconſolate* forlorn;

Fate

Fate of our *Sex* has ſure no proper care,
But *Heaven* and *Earth* 'gainſt us proclaim a *War*;
We have no Weapons for our own Defence,
But that ſlight *Armour* call'd our *Innocence*,
Weak in it ſelf altho' it ſeem ſo ſtrong,
For 'tis not proof againſt a *ſlandrous Tongue*.
Envy can blaſt it with it's poyſonous Breath,
And *Malice* torture it almoſt to Death:
Shou'd I within any thoughts but take a veiw
Of all thoſe Ills our wretched *Sex* purſue,
From Infancy till Aged we become,
The Number would amount to ſuch a Sum;
My Thoughts would ſinck beneath the pondrous weight,
Thoſe Ills I do not mean which angry Fate
In meaſure from it's *Wrathful Vials* pours,
Upon the *other Sex* as well as Ours;
But thoſe peculiar *Miſcheifs* which perplex,
Torment and Torture our *Unhappy Sex*.

But ſince I dare not the full Proſpect veiw,
At leaſt I'le take ſome notice of a few;
As Wounds unſearcht may feſter, ſo my Greif,
Unleſs related, cannot find releif.
I'll tell my Sorrows to the *Woods* and *Trees*,
While ------ *Eccho* with my *Sighs* ſhall Sympathize,

Of all the *Engines* which the *Feinds* of *Hell*
Did unto *Men* our Deadly *Foes* reveale.

To ruin and undo us, none there are
That may i'th leaſt with *Flattery* compare;
No ſort of *Speech* requires ſo nice a touch,
And nothing elſe can ruin half ſo much:
For one who has by other Arts been won,
Ten thouſand have by *flat'ry* been undone;
For like White Gunpowder it makes no noiſe,
Yet ſure as Death, it certainly Deſtroys;
This *Poyſon* they into our Ears Diſtill,
E're we the Difference know 'twixt Good and Ill.
And we ſome kind of Tenderneſs muſt owe
To one who praiſes and commends us ſo:
When grown to *Riper Years*, that Womans Breaſt
Muſt be with more than Common Vertue bleſt.
Who can ſecure the out-works of her Heart,
'Gainſt *Flat'ries* ſecret undermining Art.
Like pleaſant *Muſick* it invades our Ears,
Our Reaſon blinds, and charms our greateſt *Fears*,
Diſarms our Courage and we tamely yield,
To *Men* in *Arts* of *fine Diſſembling* skill'd,
Who all their *Study* and their *Pains* Employ,
To Bring *Unthinking* Us to *Guilty Joy*.

So I have ſeen a *Maid*, Young, Fair, and Chaſt,
By chance, or elſe by kind Appointment plac'd,
Cloſe by the ſide of a *Diſſembling Youth*,
(Sworn Enemy to Conſtancy and Truth.)

With

With awful Diſtance is his firſt Adreſs,
Fearing leaſt rudely on her Charms he preſs;
Till more familiar grown the *Spark* at laſt,
Encircles with one Arm her ſlender Waſte,
While t'other hand is honoured with the Bliſs,
To graſp her ſoft Hand, or her ſofter Knees.
His Eyes, which are the windows of his Soul,
With ſoft and languiſhing *Deſires* are full;
Each glance of them Speaks more a *Lovers ſenſe*,
Than all the Raptures of *Lip-Eloquence*;
Some little time by theſe *Dumb Signs* he ſpeaks,
Till with fain'd *Sighs* he thus his Silence Breaks.

Ah Madam! 'tis impoſſible to tell,
The Racks and Tortures which I hourly feel;
Almighty Love--- *Whom long I did, long out-brave,*
Has to his Chariot *chain'd me as a Slave:*
Ten thouſand Beauties *with their Charming Powers,*
Ne're mov'd my Heart, until ſurpriz'd by Yours;
Yours *with one Glance did* ſtubborn me *ſubdue,*
The Chains I wear are all put on by You.
Ah Charming fair! ſhall I not entertain
Some Glim'ring Hopes, I ſhall not ſigh in Vain?
Muſt I for ever theſe ſharp Pains endure?
The Eyes that caus'd the Wound can give the Cure;
Bid me but hope, *that Dawning of Succeſs,*
And I ſhall have foretaſts of Happineſs:

For Heaven's ſake, Madam, *lay a ſide that Frown*,
Your Beauty *has* unhappy me *undone*;
Let not your angen ſtill more wretched make
The Man *who dies a* Martyr *for your Sake*.
Will you? ----- Then Leans his head upon her Breaſt,
While frequent *Sighs* and *Kiſſes* ſpeak the reſt.

Who'd think ſuch fulſom Stuff as this could kill,
But ev'ry Days Experience ſays it will;
Witneſs the truth of this each ſilly *Maid*,
Who is by ſuch like Practiſes betray'd,
Like our great *Grandame Eve*, we all ſuppoſe;
No treachry under fair Pretences grows,
Her Longing too in us has taken root,
We ne're ſhould elſe Diſire forbidden Fruit;
No Force need doubt, that ſtubborn *Town* to win,
While Cannons play without, has Friends within;
One Pitying Thought in Virgins Boſom may
Sooner her Honour and her Fame betray,
Then Thouſand Empty complemental ſtrains,
Meer *Words of courſe*, and froth of Empty Brains.
Farewel her Vertue when *Compaſſions* move,
For ſhe that *pitys*, quickly learns to Love.

Could we ſee *Luſt* through all it's ſtrange diſguiſe,
And veiw not what it ſeems, but what it is;
With greater Horrour we the Feind ſhould ſhun
Then *Divels*, when they from Holy *Water* Run.

Let

Let Love or Paſſion be the fond pretence,
'Tis *Luſt* is ſtill the *Mythologick Senſe*;
But Men ſo Artfully diſguiſe their Paſſion,
And call their vileſt Lewdneſs Inclination,
Like Fiſhes greedily the Bait we ſwallow,
Not dreaming of the Ills will after follow.

The three Conditions of the Female Life,
Are *Virgin*, *Widdow*, or 'fore that, a *Wife*;
To each of which Inexorable Stars,
Have order'd ſuch a weighty Load of Cares:
So far out-ballancing our ſhort liv'd Joys,
The pleaſure ev'n of *Living* it deſtroys.

When we are *Maids*, and in our Virgin bloom,
Whole Troops of fond expecting *Rivals* come;
And each by *Flattery*, which they call *Praiſe*,
In our Opinions ſtrives himſelf to raiſe.
Nay, they who languiſh with a modeſt Fire,
Altho' they dare not ſpeak, yet will admire;
This, but too oft our Vanity does Swell,
To ſee Men Languiſh, Sigh, Adore and Kneel:
When all this Mighty Complement is done,
Not for our Sakes, but chiefly for their own;
By thouſand various Arts they ſtrive to pleaſe,
And we are call'd their *Charming Miſtriſſes*,
Treatment and *Balls* for us are Daily made,
Nor muſt we want the Nightly *Serenade:*

Where

Where under *Sylvia's* or *Corrinna's* Name,
In Song and Muſick they record our Fame:
Nay, our Devotions cannot be Defence
Againſt a Lovers vain Impertinence;
For ev'n at Church the *Spark* which comes to Prayer,
Knows 'tis the ſmalleſt buſineſs he has there;
His Eyes, tho' lifted up to Heav'n for ſhew,
Yet through kind Glances to the Womens *Pew*,
To *Ogle* there he cannot think a Sin,
Since Holyneſs and Love are near of Kin;
For being inflam'd by Looſe and Wanton Fires,
He makes Devotion *Pimp* to his Deſires;
No opportunity is loſt to try,
Where we unwary and defenceleſs lye:
For when he finds our ſleeping Vertue *Nodds*,
Then is *the time*, the *fatal time ye Gods.*
He ruſhes on us with a ſtorm of Love,
While we the grateful Violence approve;
Our Pleaſure 'fore our Honour we prefer,
And with our Arms embrace the *Raviſher.*
Think Heav'n is round us, when we try the *Bliſs*,
But while with waking Dreams our ſelves we pleaſe,
And think each *Rapture* greater than the firſt,
The wretch by Heaven, and Earth, and us accurſt,
Leaves us to *chew the Cudd* with ſad regret,
That we like *Phrygians* were but wiſe too Late.

In Vain, in vain, ye *men of mighty ſenſe*,
Ye make to Love and Conſtancy Pretence,
Early or late you alſo plainly ſhew,
'Tis Monſtrous for to Love and yet be true;
Alike ye all with *flattery* begin,
To tempt and draw us to the Pleaſing Sin;
Alike ye all forſake us when ye find
We Love you, and without Reſerve, are kind.

If this were all, we might with patience bear,
And ſomtimes for our *Vertue* drop a Tear,
When we believ'd what *fooliſh we* had done,
Only to us, and *perjur'd*, ----*you* was known;
------*But* oh! what *Plagues* does he deſire to feel,
Who Does the *Favours* of the *Fair* reveal,
And what in private done, in publick tell;
Altho' perhaps ſome little time before,
To gain his Ends, with horrid Oaths he Swore,
That open force nor Undermining Art,
Should never get the ſecret from his Heart:
But that more ſafe hee'd keep it in his Breaſt,
Then *State Intreignes*, or *Juggling* Arts of *Prieſt*,
When at next *Tavern* or ſome *Joval bout*,
A Glaſs of Wine brings all the Secret out.
Methinks I view him in a Rapture ſit,
And thus Expreſs himſelf------ *Laſt Night*, *laſt Night*,

That happy Night when in the tender Arms,
Of a Kind She *I lay Diſſolv'd in Charms;*
Fill me a Bumper, *here's her Health, Dear Will,*
Methinks I feel the Killing Tranſports *ſtill:*
What Prince *would not his Dignity lay by,*
To be one Night but half ſo bleſt as I?
All Young *and* Charming *may ſhe ever be,*
But ne're be kind to any Man but me.
He takes great care to ſee her *Health* go round,
With repetitions of the pleaſing Sound;
To the obliging Fair One, tho' unknown,
Each takes his over-flowing *Brimmer* down.
At laſt one ſubtle Youth by ſly Diſguiſe,
Deſires to know who this *kind Goddeſs* is;
The *Spark* not wary of the ſly *Trapan,*
(For *Wine* no Secret kept, nor ever can;)
Softly in his Ear relates, without Diſguiſe or Art,
The whole *Intreague* in every part;
Deſcribes her Perſon, and what Cloaths ſhe wears,
What *Pew* ſhe ſits in when ſhe goes to Prayers:
Perhaps reveals her Quality and Name,
And when he next muſt quench his am'rous Flame.
Thus is a Ladies Reputation ſpoil'd,
And her good Name is with her Vertue ſoil'd.

But Men in Wickedneſs ſtill further go,
And to their prating Tongues no bounds allow;

Thoſe

Thoſe Women whom with all their Art and Skill,
They cannot Flatter to their looſer Will:
Finding their Vertue (which *they* call their Pride,)
Strongly reſiſt the importuning *Tide*:
They will at leaſt in Glory have their ſhare,
And tell the World they have enjoy'd the *Fair*:
And tho' they ne're could lure 'em to their Crimes,
Yet ſwear they've lain with 'em a hundred times.
Witneſs the truth of this each *Sparkiſh Beau*,
Who boaſts of *Bleſſings* he did never know,
Who from our *Sex* no Favours ever had,
But thoſe of *Vizor Mask*, or *Chamber-maid*:
Yet he of *Miſtreſſes* has ſuch a ſtore,
(That the *Grand Sultan* ſcarcely e're had more.)
At *Court* a few, and they be ſure muſt be,
Pretended, if not real *Quality*:
But in the *City* ſcarce a Street or Lane,
Which does not ſome *obliging She* contain;
Whoſe tender Heart was caught, we muſt confeſs,
By's charming Language, but more charming Dreſs:
Incorrigible Fopp, whoſe Impudence
Alone ſupplies his mighty want of Senſe,
And doubly wretched *She* whoſe Heart is ſlain,
By ſuch an Ape, or Eccho of a Man.

More Mis'ries ſtill our *wretched Sex* endure,
And Mis'ries which can ne're admit of cure;
Nature when firſt ſhe form'd our Minds took care,
To place the ſofteſt, tendereſt *Paſſions* there.

Hence 'tis, our Thoughts like Tinder, apt to fire,
Are often caught with loving kind Deſire;
But *Cuſtom* does ſuch rigid Laws impoſe,
We muſt not for our Lives the thing diſcloſe.
If one of us a *lovely Youth* has ſeen,
And ſtreight ſome tender Thoughts to feel begin;
Which *liking* does inſenſibly improve
It ſelf to *longing fond impatient Love.*
The *Damſel* in diſtreſs muſt ſtill remain,
Tortur'd and wrack'd with the tormenting *Pain*:
Cuſtom and *Modeſty*, much more ſevere,
Strictly forbid our *Paſſion* to declare.
If we reveal, then *Decency*'s provok't,
If kept, then we are with the *Secret* choakt;
Beſides, to Baſeneſs Men are ſo ally'd,
So lifted up with Vanity and Pride,
That ſhould a *Maid* with Sighs and Bluſhes tell,
The reſtleſs Love ſhe does for *Strephon* feel;
Her ſad Diſtreſs he would regard no more,
Than Rich Men do *Petitions* from the Poor;
Whilſt *wretched She* in vain for Pity ſues,
He leaves her to frequent the *Publick Stews*;
So ſlights the Vertue which he ſhould adore,
To kneel at Feet of Mercenary Whore.

The Charms of *Wit* and *Beauty* ſeldom fail,
O're the moſt ſtubborn Temper to prevail;

To which if *Youth* and *Vertue* are ally'd,
Youth without Art, and *Vertue* without *Pride*.
What ſtore of Captives to her Conquering Eyes,
May ſhe expect, who has theſe Qualities?
But if ſhe wants what Charms above them all,
The *mighty Bleſſings* which we *Mony* call;
In dull obſcurity ſhe long may live,
And Viſits rarely as the Dead receive;
Till Reverend Age her *Beauty* has decay'd,
And ſhe becomes an *Old diſpiſed Maid*:
Unleſs ſeduc'd, and paſt all ſenſe of ſhame,
She proſtitutes her *Vertue* and her *Fame*,
And yields her ſelf to every *looſer Flame*.
I pity from my Soul th' *unhappy Maid*,
By *Arts of Men*, and her own *Wants* betray'd,
To act a *Crime* ſhe never knew before,
And has the choice to *Starve* or be a *Whore*:
Oh *Poverty*! thou undermining Ill,
Whoſe fatal Damp too oft does *Vertue* kill.
How many thouſands of our *Sex* there are,
Whoſe Minds were Vertuous, as their Faces Fair;
Devoted now to ſhameleſs Infamy,
Occaſion'd only by their Poverty:
But leaving them as *Blotts* upon our *Race*,
To reap the Fruits of *Lewdneſs* and *Diſgrace*;
Let us obſerve another Scene of *Life*,
And view the *Bleſſings* which attend a *Wife*.

If *Cuſtom* we accuſe as too ſevere,
In Impoſitions when we *Virgins* are ;
What Yoaks and Fetters does the *Female* chooſe,
Who enters in the *Matrimonial Nooſe* ?
To be the Partner of anothers Flame,
Gives up her Self, her Fortune, and her Name,
Her Hours of ſoft Repoſe and Liberty,
Nay, her own will then ceaſe to be free ;
For what Commands may not a *Husband* lay,
When the Wifes part, *is only to Obey* ?
And we the bleſt Effects may ſee each hour,
Of ſuch unbounded *Arbitrary Power*.

If Young, and by her Inclinations led
To taſte the Pleaſures of the *Marriage Bed*,
And has as Partner in the *Nuptial Joys*,
The *Youth* above all Mankind her Choice ;
Pleaſures about her in ſuch Numbers throng,
Pleaſures which cannot be expreſs'd by Tongue :
Her Spouſe and She, each Minutes time improve,
And Day and Night is but one Scene of Love ;
They kiſs in Publick, fondly without meaſure,
And think they ne're can have enough of *Pleaſure*.
With ſcorn they look on *unprovided Pairs*,
And think no Happineſs ſo great as theirs :

But

But ah! the young and lovely *Bride* too ſoon
Perceives the waining of the *Hony-Moon*:
Her *Paſſion* by Indearments ſtill improves,
And till the more enjoy'd, the more ſhe loves;
While the ingrateful Wretch ſhe *Husband* calls,
By little ſlights ſhews how his Fancy *palls*,
By frequent uſe grown weary of her Charms,
He comes with *dull Indifference* to her Arms.
If here the Humour ſtops, ſome hopes are left,
(Provided he's not of all ſenſe bereft;)
By Arts of kind Indearments to recover,
Th' expiring *Paſſion* of the *Husband Lover*.
Wild Beaſts by roughneſs may endure the Chain,
But milder means are us'd to ſoften Man:
Kind *melting Kiſſes*, modeſt, yet deſiring,
May raiſe to Life a Paſſion *Juſt* expiring;
And he's a Monſter *Affrick* ne're ſaw,
Whoſe frozen Mind ſuch kind Heats cannot thaw.

But if by ſtrange inſenſible Degrees,
(The *Bride* in vain ſtriving by Arts to pleaſe;)
The *Husband* ſhould (by his own baſeneſs led)
From ſlight Diſlikes, at laſt forſake her Bed:
In *ſolitary Sheets* ſhe pines and grieves,
While like a *Rake-hell Libertine* he lives,
Leaving his *Spouſe* in ſolitude to mourn,
Whilſt he does for ſome *ſtubborn Strumpet* burn;

With

With whom his vacant Hours are all employ'd,
And dear-bought Pleaſures by the *Brute* enjoy'd:
But his wild *Rambles* did I Pleaſures call?
Pleaſures which with them bear the *Scorpions Tail*;
By ſuch *Delights* they very often gain
A moments Pleaſure, but an Age of Pain;
To' th' *Marriage Bed* th' *Infection* goes ſometimes,
And the *Wife* ſuffers for the *Husband's* Crimes.

But if one conſtant to the *Nuptial Vow*,
Does not himſelf ſuch Liberties allow;
A far much greater Evil oft enſues,
For there's no *Woman* if ſhe were to Chuſe,
But likes a *Rambling*, 'fore a *Jealous Spouſe*.
The ones wild Frolicks may in time be cur'd,
But *Jealouſie* can never be endur'd.
Let *Prieſts* the Peoples Ears amuſe with *Story*,
But ſure on Earth there is no *Purgatory*;
Like living with a Man, whoſe *jealous Eyes*
Muſt watch a *Wife* in all her *Privacies*:
Better t'ad been on her *Wedding Day*,
She had deſcended to *Sepulchral Clay*,
Than with a *Jealous Coxcomb* all her life,
Have worn that ſlaviſh Epithet, *a Wife*.

If ſhe does Pains of *Purgatory* feel,
Who's *Husbands* Jealous ---- She has ſure a *Hell*;

Who

Who muſt ſurrender all her Youth and Charms
For ſake of *Gold*, up to an *Old Man's* Arms,
With Tales of Death none need affright her mind,
Since Day and Night ſhe does its Image find.

For *Husbands* Faults poor *Wives* ſtill bear the blame,
Does he Debauch in *Punck*, or *Wine*, or *Game*?
And ſo is brought to Want and Poverty,
The baſe cenſorious World does quickly Cry:
We thought indeed this Match would ne're prove good,
Since his proud Wife wore ſuch a High Commode,
Forgetting his Night-rambles up and down,
To all the Topping Taverns of the Town,
Wherein one Week he ſpends more Mony Clear,
Then would provide *Head-dreſſes* all the Year.
But I as well may indiſcreetly try,
To count the Stars which twinkle in the Skie,
As go about with leaſure to relate,
The Miſchiefs which attend the *Female Married State.*

How oft have *Widows*, who have broke the Chain,
Been tempted to the *Fatal Nooſe* again?
By ugly Tongues of falſe Diſſembling Men,
And tho' once cheated, venture once again:
Widows are Baits for Younger Brothers laid,
To *patch* a Ruin'd Fortune, or a Trade;
Experience in the Sreets proclaims it loud,
That from the great and Num'rous Female Croud,

Widows like Deer, are ſingled from the Herd,
To be undone, which Suiters call prefer'd:
They tell' em that they hate the *Skittiſh Maid*,
Theyr for a Womans Judgment pois'd and weigh'd,
Till they have lur'd' em to the fatal Curſe,
And they are theirs *for better and for worſe.*
(But ev'ry Day's Relation makes it common,
To love the *Mony*, when they hate the *Woman.*)
Some *Tawdry Youthful Punck* is then maintain'd,
With good *old Gold* in former Days ſhe gain'd.
Or if ſhe Dies, which very oft does follow,
A Heifer purchas'd with the Old Cows Tallow.

Theſe *Sylvia*, theſe are Diſmal Truths to tell,
But ah! theſe Truths are known but too too well;
Oh! could I change my Sex, but tis in vain,
To wiſh my ſelf, or think to be a Man,
Like that *wild Creature*, I would madly Rove,
Through all the Feilds of *Galantry* and *Love*;
Heighten the Pleaſures of the Day and Night,
Diſſolve in Joys and Surfeit with Delight;
Not tameley like a *Woman*, wiſh and pray,
And ſigh my pretious Minutes all away.
Woman a Ceature one may juſtly call,
Natures and Mans, and Fortunes *Tennis-Ball*,
Woman ----- What Noiſe is that? --- *Oh Heavens!* a Man!
Aſſiſt my Bluſhes.

At

At which away ſhe ran,
Swift as the Wind; nor could I too this hour,
Find out who was this *Female Confeſſor*;
'*T*was time to go, the *Charming Pratler* gone,
But thought, as I was homeward jogging on,
In all my Converſe with the *Female Kind*,
I ne're till this time did *Woman* find,
Freely without reſerve to ſpeak her mind.

THE

EMULATION.

A

Pindarique Ode.

I.

AH! tell me why (miſtaken Sex) do we
So little real Beauty ſee
In the admired adored * *Athenian Deity.*
Why do we fain'd *Minerva* ſlight,
Deſpiſing Knowledge, which we ought to prize?
Muſt none but the inſulting Sex be wiſe?
Muſt they be bleſs'd with Intellectual Light,
Whilſt we remain in Ignorances Night?
Wee've Noble Souls as well as they,
And wee've retentive Mem'ries too.
But I ſuppoſe, they think wee'll beſt obey,
And beſt our ſervile Buſineſs do,
If nothing elſe we know.
But what concerns a Kitchin or a Field,
And thoſe low things they yield:
As if a rational unbounded Mind
Should be to ſuch low worthleſs ſordid things confin'd.

* *Minerva*, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom.

II.

II.

They'l let us learn to Work, to Dance, to Sing,
Or any other Trivial thing;
*B*ut they're unwilling we ſhould know
What ſacred Science can impart:
Nor would they have us dive into the Abyſs of Art,
Nor in the Labyrinths of Learning go,
Nor have us know the Languages of *S*chools,
As if they thought to keep us Fools.
*T*hat we their boaſted Skill the more might prize,
And think them highly wiſe,
Becauſe we have not Wit their Follies to deſpiſe;
For Ignorance doth Wonder breed,
And thoſe who do but little know:
May be perſuaded all is Witt indeed
*T*hat's ſpoke by Men, altho' it be not ſo.
*T*hey think their lofty *S*trains we will admire,
And judge that *Mercury* did them inſpire.
But, ſhould we underſtand as much as they,
They fear their Empire would decay;
For they know Women heretofore
Gain'd Victories, and envyed Lawrels wore.
And now they fear wee'll once again
Ambitious be to Reign,
And ſo invade the *T*erritories of the Brain.
And as we did in thoſe Renowned Days,
Rob them of Lawrels, ſo we may now take their *B*ays.

III.

III.

But we are peaceful, and will not repine;
They ſtill may keep their Bays, as well as Vine.
We've now no *Amazonian* Hearts,
Therefore they need not guard their Magazine of Arts.
We will not on their Treaſure ſeize;
A part of it ſufficiently will pleaſe.
We'll only ſo much Knowledge have,
As may aſſiſt us to Enſlave
Thoſe Paſſions, which we find
Too potent for the Mind;
Tis o're them only, we deſire to Reign,
And we no Nobler braver Conqueſt wiſh to gain.

IV.

We only ſo much Wit deſire
As may inſtruct us how to live above
Thoſe Childiſh things which moſt admire,
And may direct us what is fit to love:
We would have Learning for no other end,
But that our Time we may the better ſpend;
Suppoſing 'tis below us to converſe
Always about our Buſineſs or our Dreſs,
As if to ſerve our Senſes were our Happineſs.
Wee'l read the Hiſtories of former Times,
And look with Horrour on their Crimes.

But

But all their Vertues wee'l with Pleaſure view,
And both admire and imitate them too:
Wee'l alſo ſtudy Sciences and Arts,
All that's Ingenuous we will learn;
For to be wiſe ſure is our chief concern,
And therefore we with care ſhould cultivate our Hearts.

V.

But if the Envious Men will ſtill declare,
That 'tis enough for Women to be fair:
Without their leave, we will be wiſe,
And Beauty, which they value, wee'l deſpiſe.
Our Minds, and not our Faces, wee'l adorn;
That's the Imployment for which we were born.
The Muſes kindly will their Aids allow,
And to us all their Myſteries ſhew.
And therefore their Aſſiſtance wee'l implore;
Whilſt Men inſpiring *Bacchus* do adore;
Without whoſe Elevating Wine
Wee'l try if we can witty be,
And with the help of the auſpicious Nine,
That VVomen are not Fools we'll plainly let them ſee.

FINIS.